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And Then There Were None

Susan Blick

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And Then There Were None

Erratum
Featured Poet

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Susan Blick

Featured Poet

The first thing I heard
when I walked in your house
was the echo of nothing at all

In the kitchen old wallpaper
still held little daisies
bouquets waiting for you

I opened the window
The breeze freshened the air
The discolored lace curtains waved

I thought of Neil Armstrong on the moon
and how I practiced his bouncy walk
on the terrace below this window
your face framed in lace

Down the hall your bed always unmade
needlepoint pillows piled to one side
Big Ben on the nightstand ticking away
and in a dark corner your rocker still

I turn on the radio
to catch an inning
I sit rocking forward
in your chair

Everyone tells me I should sell this place
They think because it's empty now
there's nothing left in here

because it's empty now there's nothing left in here . . .